Net for the D---l:

OR, THE

Town Diſplay'd.

A

SATYR.

Written in a plain Engliſh Stile.

Since all the Town with Writing is poſſeſt,
I'll Verſify in ſpight, and do my Beſt,
To make as much waſt Paper as the Reſt.

Dry. Juv.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, 1705.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SATYR.

THE

Town Display'd:

LEt those grave Bards *Apollo*'s Aid demand,
That take some high Poetick Task in hand;
I crave no Heav'nly Beams my Breast t' in-spire,
The *Theme* it self will raise my *Satyr* higher.
Plain homely Verse, what *Guilty Times* indite,
My angry Pen shall uninstructed write;
A brief Remonstrance-- or if Satyr fail,
Let me, like some such Rogue as *T—n*, rail.

Begin then Muse, in blunt untutor'd Rhimes,
Pourtray the modern Vices of the Times;
Nor in a polish'd Stile from Satyr swerve,
Endeavour to speak Truth, and that shall serve:

Let Knaves and Fools beneath thy Cenſure light;
Unmask the Atheiſt, and the Hypocrite;
Diſcribe the Age with Villany o're-run,
A wicked People, a licentious Town,
Shew us their Crimes, and let the Men alone.
Deſcribe that Age, no Satyr can Reform,
Tho' Heav'n it ſelf ſhou'd ſpeak it in a Storm.

Had *Ægypt* ſooner ſet the *Hebrews* Free,
'T had ne'er deſerv'd ſo many Plagues as we,
For Plots, Rebellions, Schiſms, Hereſy;
Accumulated Crimes declare our Shame,
We are the *Ægyptians* with a Chriſtian Name,
Tho' Heav'n ſo good to our Deſerts has been,
We have but half their Plagues, for all their Sin:
Repining ever, burthen'd with Complaints,
Wicked as Devils, yet wou'd paſs for Saints;
A lew'd, ſeditious, unbelieving Brood,
Perverſe, Uneaſy, Obſtinate and Proud;
Revengeful to an infinite degree!
Nurſt up to Murders, and Barbarity;
Humane Compaſſion is a thing ſcarce known,
They preach up Morals, but they follow none,
With every peal of loud Rebellion Chime,
(For that's their old Hereditary Crime;)

A second Nature with their Milk suck'd in,
Their Freeborn Principle, and Darling Sin!
No Nation under Heav'n with ours can vye,
For Tumult, Faction, and Debauchery;
Not *Turk*, *Morocco*, or the *Muscovite*!
If they should change, would get one Penny by't;
No Land so Stock'd, but if a Trade they'd have,
We'll barter *Fool* for *Fool*, and *Knave* for *Knave*.
Match all the Monsters *Africa* Supplies,
And shew 'em V---ns of the mightiest Size;
Proud tardy L---s, the Nation's great Disgrace,
R---s in the State, and Rebels out of Place;
That first our C--ils, then our Cash betray'd,
And run us over head and Ears in Debt:
With these we'll send 'em many hundreds more,
Lew'd Giddy St--n that were *Rakes* before,
With Morals glean'd from some Obedient Whore.
At home Debauch'd, and for the C--t unfit,
Very Great Men, with very little Wit;
Strange steddy C----ls must of course proceed,
From what th' effect of *Heat* and *Lewdness* breed.

Such may be spar'd ---- or others in their room;
Supine, Unactive M------rs that come,
Hear what is said, and then go hungry home:

Villeins
Liars
Rogues
Council

Statesmen

Court

Councils

&

Murderers

Whose Politicks are manag'd by the Purse,
And scarce without a *Pension* could speak Sense;
Grave speaking L--s with Rhetorick to charm,
Whose ponderous *Words* do neither good nor harm.

We'll send 'em M——ts for Cyphers fit,
And plain in the same Vices they commit;
Grave solemn Elders, charg'd with loud Complaints,
Who by their Miracles you'd take for Saints.
Produce in Generals that love their Ease, (please,
Make fight Campaigns, and Fight but when they
With such known ill send the D--h Field D——ties;
Or when the Train of Heroe's all come or'e,
Exchange a thousand *Knaves* and *Cowards* more.

Next on the brink a Race of *Tars* shall stand,
Captains and Adm--ls fit for Command,
To rob at Sea, and buy Estates at Land.
Beaux, that in Nicenels, and in Dress delight,
Such as we know are too well bred to Fight;
And rather than their Breeding they betray,
In Complaisance would give our Ships away:
Others, when sent *French* Squadrons to destroy,
Look bravely on, and see the Foe go by:
With Commodores, to follow Orders right,
Had rather bring their Ships home safe, than Fight.

All

All sorts of *V--ns*, as their Lots shall fall,
Stock-Jobbers, Lawyers, and the Devil and all;
These we'll e'en set up at the highest Prizes,
With fifty thousand Blockheads of all sizes;
To let 'em see how populous we are,
And that we've *Fools* as well as *Knaves* to spare;
We'll send 'em *Coxcombs* that have spent Estates,
Purely to talk like *Fools*, and pass for *Wits*;
Bullies and *Sharpers* of the highest sort,
Supply'd with able *Bubbles* from the Court,
Cullies, who when they're Bit carress 'em for't;
Kind keeping Fools undone by *Love* and *Dice*,
At the last *Stake* grown impotently wise,
Settle the little left upon the Fair,
And then turn humble *Pensioners* to her.
Fond dreaming *Cuckolds* we'll embark in shoals,
Things with huge Heads, and very little Souls:
Proud domineering Husbands by whole Scores,
Tyrants to Marriage, and meer Slaves to Whores;
First ruin'd by some Jilt's expensive Reign,
And then turn'd *Rogues* to raise themselves again.
Of these innumerable may go hence,
Whole Cargoes without Honsty or Sense;
Beaux, *Bullies*, *Kit-Cats*, *Catamites* and *Wits*,
Rakes, *Pandars*, *Atheists*, *Pimps* and *Hypocrites*;

Of.

Of all variety the Land conſiſts,
Lewd headſtrong *People*, and proud lazy P—ſts:
From every *Tribe* we can afford 'em ſome,
And keep Supplies of *Knaves* and *Fools* at Home.

Satyr look round, and ſum the Evils up,
Shew the great wonder how the *Land* ſhou'd ſcape,
From Fires, Famines, Peſtilence and Rage,
To cruſh ſo vile, ſo profligate an Age;
Where ſeeming *Piety* and *Meekneſs* grow,
Atheiſts in practice, but meer *Saints* in ſhow,
Devotion as an Exerciſe they uſe,
And ſo are wicked with a good Excuſe;
As tho' a formal *Cant*, and zealous *Face*,
Supply'd all Signs of *Honeſty* and *Grace*:
Religion is the Talk of all the Town,
When, faith, the better half of it has none;
Who for their Intereſts are the Church's friends,
And love *Devotion* as it ſerves their Ends;
They beg from Heaven but to bear their VVayes,
A large Indulgence, and a little Grace:
Six Days to labour, and do what they pleaſe,
The *Seventh* to walk forth, and take their eaſe;
That having ſpent the *Week* in Sin and Sleep,
They more devoutly may the *Sabbath* keep:

VVho

One upright Citizen to *Epſom* goes,
And pays a Chriſtian Viſit to his Spouſe,
VVho tho' ſhe's been Gallanted all the VVeek,
Is for the dear good Man at home quite ſick.
A Second is to ſee his *Bantlings* gone;
A Third retreats to Punk at *Iſlington*:
Others to *Chelſea*, and the Park, repair,
Or ſtroll to *Hampſtead* for delicious Air,
And take a Tavern for the Houſe of Prayr.
VVhile ſome the Day with ſtricter Notice keep,
Brutes that juſt riſe to Eat, and go to ſleep,
Where wallowing again till Night they're laid,
Then Sup, and ſing a Pſalm, and ſo to Bed.
As for the more unrighteous *Sort* that ſeek,
In wicked Ways, their Pleaſure all the Week,
Courtiers, fine Ladies, *Covent-Garden* Beaux,
Wits, Rakes, and all ſuch Heathen Folk as thoſe,
Depriv'd of dear *Chirchat*, Cabal and Toaſt,
Look on the *Sabbath* as a Day that's loſt:
So not to Sin, nor yet inclin'd to pray,
E'en go to Cards to *paſs the Time away*;
This is their Worſhip till the Evening,
Then, hey! for Coach and Slaves, and to the *Ring*,
And yet 'tis thought they'd hardly like that Air,
Were they to come and ſerve their Maker there:

Others by buſineſs are detain'd at home,
And tho' the Church do's conſtantly get ſome,
Yet few of thoſe for meer Devotion come;
Hardly one part in Ten the Righteous make,
The reſt reſort there ev'n for Faſhions ſake,
And what the P——ſt for Doctrine takes in hand,
They mind as little as they underſtand.
How to behave themſelves they've quite forgot,
They come for ſomething— tho' they don't know
Some *ſit*, ſome *ſtand*, ſome *ogle*, and ſome *weep*, (what,
Some *ſigh*, ſome *talk*, and others fall aſleep:
The beſt Religious People in the World,
Extream devout, if they are ne'er controul'd,
But if the Pr——ſt ſhou'd touch their Copyhold,
Talk of Injunctions, and ſevere Reſtraints,
The D----l of one among 'em will be Saints,
Bid 'em leave all for Heavens ſake, and then,
They beg his pardon, faith, they're not his Men:
'Tis all a jeſt, he uſes wrong perſuaſions,
And quite miſtakes their pious Inclinations;
Men wou'd be godly at an eaſier Rate,
And go to Heaven in the way of Trade,
A ſecond *Jacob*'s Ladder they'd deviſe,
And mount it by Hypocriſy and Lies;
Comply with all their *Eaſe* and *Profit* brings,
And go to Heaven in their Leading-ſtrings.

This

This happy Doctrine, at a ſmall expence,
Wou'd make a Heathen People ſoon turn Saints:
Let Fraud, and Intereſt be no Crimes, and then,
You'd have the City all turn honeſt Men:
Where you ſhall ſee a world of Buſineſs done,
Much Craft, and fratral Knav'ry carried on:
You'l ſee five hundred righteous Men at *Change*,
But if you ſee fifteen at Church, 'tis ſtrange;
Great Congregations there you may remark,
Eight pious Souls, beſides the P--ſt and Clerk:
Yet let God's Houſe be empty as it will,
You'l ſee the *Taverns*, and the *Play-Houſe* fill;
Whole *Afternoons*, whole *Nights*, they'l ſquander there,
Yet can't ſpare one poor *Minute* on't for pray'r;
Debauchery's into Example grown,
(For *Wickedneſs* ſuits beſt with this lewd Town.)

But now oppreſt they fall to pray'r pell-mell,
And bid Defiance to the Gates of Hell,
Bounds are ſet up to fence the World from Sin,
And holy Traps to catch the D--l in.
Projecting *Rabbi*'s new Injunctions lay,
And nothing now is heard, but *Faſt and Pray*;
You'd think the thouſand Years did juſt begin,
The happy Golden Time, the *Fall of Sin*,

When

When *Satan* chain'd below shou'd cease to roar,
Nor durst disturb the wicked World no more,
That, for a time, we so Religious are,
No Saints in *Europe* can with us compare:
Yet but a little, and the Fit has done,
The Dread is over when the Smart is gone.
So those who in a Race set out too fast,
Seldom, or never, hold out to the last.

At every Corner of a Street appears,
The D——l beating up for Voluntiers,
Where forward Youth in daily Numbers stray,
Take Service strait and enter into Pay:
Tho' *Reformation*, and the *Works* of *Grace*,
VVere never talk'd of more, or follow'd less;
Solemn Invectives from the *Pulpit* taught,
And Proclamations read, and so forgot;
Grave canting Elders, with a sage pretence,
That first wou'd make us Blockheads, and then Saints;
Those who to purge a sinful Land from Vice,
And make the People piously precise;
VVou'd have us Clad like our Fore-fathers go,
And live in Meekness as the Godly do; (Ears,
VVith formal Face, starch'd Band, and short cropt
Nor wear no more than just what Health requires,

For

For that the Seed of them which do profeſs,
They ſay, need but be cloath'd with Righteouſneſs:
Good Senſe and Decency are things prophane,
And if you talk like Chriſtians— then you're vain;
You muſt not Ogle in a ſinful way,
Nor ope' your Mouth, unleſs it be to pray;
In all your *Ways* an upright Conſcience bear,
And tho' you *Lye* or *Cheat*,— beſure don't *Swear*;
Be very Cautious— moſt uprightly wiſe,
And in Humility your Sins diſguiſe.
VVhich, in *Plain Engliſh*, is but juſt to ſay,
Be very *Wicked*, in a Godly way.
Theſe are the Men that wou'd *Reform* the Age,
Where *Zeal* and *Piety* lye mask'd in rage,
That down with *Superſtition* cry, deface!
Thoſe wicked *Organs*, and that *Painted-Glaſs*,
Down with *Ch—h Ornaments*, the Pride of Nations,
Thoſe worſe than *Heatheniſh* Abominations:
With *Sculptures*, *Surplices*, and all the reſt,
The ſuperficial Trappings of the Beaſt!
Down with the *Play-houſe*, where the *wicked* herd,
The D---l's Chappel, where they hear his VVord,
Whereto prophane ungodly People ſtray,
And wicked *Things* are acted day by day;
Vile *Miſcreants*, who in moſt unſeemly guiſe,
Blaſpheme Religion with a pack of Lies:
Yet, if you'd have a *Sample* of their Grace,
You'l find their VVorſhips in a chaſter place,
VVho hold it meet the *Body* to refreſh,
And in a Hole to mortify the Fleſh.

Christian Community is vile, they say,
They're Heathen Folk that do in Taverns stray,
All vacant Seasons shou'd be spent in Pray'r,
Unseemly Sports abominable are;
When all their formal *Cant* and *Zeal*'s a cheat,
There's scarce a *Saint* but is a *Hypocrite*,
Who while they do these strict *Injunctions* preach,
Deny in *Actions* what their *Words* do teach;
That first Commit the *Sin* they wou'd chastize,
Then terrify the People with the Vice.
So when *Alcides* had the Monster slain,
He made him dreadful Armour of the Skin.
But *Satyr* on, there's Subject for thee yet,
To C——t repair—— but meddle at no rate,
With E——ls in small Places, or K——s in Great;
Be cautious, very cautious, lest you hit,
Some mighty *Thing* of greater Name than *Wit*,
And, like a Vessel, dash upon't and split.
Some solid Fop, without one spark of Grace,
Protected by the Rev'rence of the Place:
Nor dare to tell some busy Man in Pow'r,
He comes that Minute reeking from his Wh--e,
Bid him mind Diceing less, the Nation more;
Or where some Bankrupt P----r thy Spleen creates,
Bid him discharge his Miss, and pay his Debts:
Stop *Satyr* there, restrain th' Invective Rhimes,
Till K—ves unmov'd, can bear to hear their Crimes.
Yet surely lower *Satyr* may descend,
Among the lesser Insects that attend,

A ſort of *Locuſts* that infeſt the Place,
The C——ts Incumbrance, and its great diſgrace:
Such Fops as B—— and C—— it may ſhew,
Such Rakes as M——, and ſuch Saints as H——,
Nor wonder that it harbours ſuch a Race
For *Weeds* will grow in the moſt ſacred Place;
Ev'n ſuch a F—— that notorious Beau,
A batter'd Coxcomb, worn out long ago,
Whoſe very Name had with his Charms decay'd,
But that 'twas ſtill with ſome new Jeſt ſupply'd;
A ſplendid Fop, and to be known for ſuch,
Makes his appearance in her Gr——e's Coach;
Deck'd with two ſooty Slaves, he ſtrolls about,
Pleas'd as he rides to be a Coxcomb thought:
Tho' below Notice, or a Jeſt, he's grown,
His Character in Satyr may attone,
There's ſuch a herd of Coxcombs drawn in one.

Satyr, prepar'd for Politicks retreat,
Where Mudling States-men over Coffee ſit,
With *Looks* ſo wiſe, you wou'd be apt to gueſs,
The Nation's cares was ſum'd in each grave Face,
With Noddles very full of Emptineſs:
An inharmonious *Jargon* fills the Room,
Some talking *Politicks*, ſome of the *War*, and ſome
With Pipe and *Paper* poreing ſit *hum-drum*:
This tells how things were in the C——ns varied,
And that how ſuch a Stratagem miſcarried:
How my Lord ſuch a-one was heard to ſay,
Some weighty Thing before the C——l lay,
Wou'd give a happy Turn by *Chriſtmaſs*-Day.

Another measures out the Schemes of Peace,
VVhich needs must follow from our great success.
Lays the just Strength of *France* down to a hair,
How long it can maintain a losing War.
VVhile opposite to him the next replies,
VVith *Speech* as grave, and true, as it is wise.
That after all he fear'd was done or said,
Twou'd hold the *War*-- until a *Peace* was made.
Some dreaming Blockheads never *speak* at all,
Unless for *Coffee*, or for *Tea* they call;
Another *Talks* enough to serve 'em all.
Some forward Coxcomb, very positive,
VVho never will but what he likes believe,
Gives *Reasons* therefore why it can't be so,
From *Accidents* a thousand Years ago;
Takes up the *News*, and e'er he's Read it, cries,
Pox on't, this *Paper*'s always telling Lies;
It told us once that such a Town was ta'en
Now tells us that the Siege is rais'd again;
Detects the Author in some slight *Mistake*,
And's proud that he the deep *Remark* shou'd make.
From these *Discourses* other things arise,
When one to shew he is as *Learn'd* as *Wise*,
Trumps up Old Tales from *Plays* and *London-Spies*.
Thinks he diverts the Company the while,
And so he does, faith, for he makes 'em smile:
Thus every one by coming something learns,
And each as wise as he came in returns.
Go *Satyr* next, where gayer *Fops* preside,
And Politicks o're Chocolate deride

War

War, and the *State* are things too vulgar grown,
They talk of all the fine *Amours* in Town;
What between C———*n*, and the Duke, has paſt?
What happy Man enjoy'd fair *O*———*ld* laſt?
Who *Toaſts* her Grace? and who *Belinda* loves?
And how devout a Miſtriſs *Chloris* proves?
Who ſuch a Lord Intrigues with? and the Fool,
That keeps a Wh--re, he wants the Senſe to Rule?
Who are at Court the moſt Refin'd and Gay?
And who has lately *Won* or *Loſt* at Play?
Who has the fineſt *Miſtriſs* now in Town?
What *Matches*, and *New Plays*, are coming on.
Here one to ſhew his Equipage bolts in,
Tarries juſt long enough there to be ſeen,
Bows *en paſſant*, and ſallies out agen:
Another, that ſome mighty *News* has brought,
Gathers a Neſt of *Coxcombs* round about,
Declares the *Secret* to 'em, and goes out;
Which proves to be when 't has been *whiſper'd* round,
The Duke of — loſt laſt Night Five Thouſand Pound.
This is a part of their grand Recreation,
Where the whole *Medly* bring their own Diverſion.
Where each facetious Fop's the other's jeſt,
And where one wiſe Man laughs at all the reſt.
Yet *Satyr* more beneath thy Notice falls,
Where plotting Stat——n hold their grand Cabals,
VVhere they in Party-Clubs at Night debate,
VVith what new *Meaſures* to embroil the State,
Broach *Controverſies* o'r the flowing VVine,
Conclude old *Meaſures*, and new *Schemes* deſign;

Unhappy Isle, where *Faction* always reigns,
And seems supported in't by Providence.
Where Party against Party do's unite,
Out of innate principle of Spight,
Both far from *Wrong*, yet neither in the *Right*;
As into sep'rate Squadrons they divide,
And storm the *Government* on either Side:
National Good, is what they both pretend
So both attack ——
What both have got the *Notion* to defend:
Religion's the original Pretence,
And all their *Magazines* are drawn from thence:
Thence they take *Measures*, and deduce their *Schemes*,
Of Marches, Counter-marches, Stratagems.
Yet strange that People are so godly grown,
To quarrel for *Religion* when they've none:
These cry the *Ch---h* is struck at *Branch* and *Root*,
And make a noise on't tho' they ne'er come to't,
Declare if speedy Courses are not ta'en,
Old *Forty One* comes in ding-dong again:
T'other gives *Moderation* for the *Word*,
Swears *High Ch---h* Loyalty's not worth a T----,
And, that they'd have *Young Amalek* restor'd:
Satyr and *Scandal* Ammunition are,
And *Pen* and *Ink* declare a Paper-War,
Where *Scribblers*, like Soldiers, fear a Peace,
Who draw their whole Subsistance from the Press:
Print is their Standard, *Pamphlets* their Drums,
Feud is the Word, and *Pamphlets* are their Guns.

And

And now ſtand clear; the *Party-War* breaks out,
And *Libels* like *Granadoes* fly about,
Aim'd with that Vehemence, and Party-Spight,
They'd kill the D—l if they hit him right:
Where buſy Raſcals ſerve as Volunteers,
And help to ſet the *Rabble* by the Ears:
Now helter-skelter to't pell-mell they go,
Low-Ch—h maul Hi-Ch—h, and the Hi-Ch—h Low:
Divided Factions into Bodies riſe,
And *Whig*, and *Tacker* are Auxiliaries,
While Hell and Tumult in the Front appear,
And Miſchief, and the D—l compoſe the Rear.
Thus the poor State to open Pillage lies,
Both are her Friends, yet both her Enemies,
Kept in continual Terror and Surprize:
So when two Armies do one Land Invade,
And diff'rent Nations bring in Foreign Aid,
Both in defence their proffer'd Arms employ,
Both come to ſave, what both of 'em deſtroy.
Self-Int'reſt is the grand Machine of all,
By which *depending Parties* riſe or fall:
This is in favour now——, and *That* anon,
Fortune's the Wheel, and Power rowls it on:
When but the *Date* of one revolving Reign,
That is at top——and *This* is down again:
A parity of Times confirms the choice,
Or ſinks, or raiſes, the Politician Buoys:
As often interchange as been ſeen,
The greateſt A—e, becomes the *Greateſt Men*,

Sc——n

St—— already are held in vogue,
In *This* a Patriot, and in *That* a R——:
Pretence of Honour's a useful Cheat,
To gild the specious Name of *Hypocrite*,
The Common Refuge of the *Base* and *Great*:
Power and *Principle* the Soul divide,
And Int'rest strongly in to both allied,
A Tenderness which *Nature* cannot hide.
Tho' Sp--h--ng H——n or M——h bawl;
Call 'em to Court—— a *Place* shall soften all:
There shines the Sun! that ripens all their Hopes,
And brings *Preferment* up in blooming Crops;
Debates in Consciences, are by *Pay* supply'd,
'Tis natural to take the thriving side:
While Honesty's a Thing we hardly know,
But your true *Modern Honesty*—in show,
The Reputation Men are fond to have,
Else ev'ry *Fool* in *Trust* wou'd be a *Knave*;
In point of shame the great Restriction lies,
Men fear the *Odium* on't, and not the *Vice*;
Few People after Thread-bear Honour thirst;
And all Men won't be Villains, if they durst.

Stop *Satyr* now—— and silently withdraw,
These *Crimes* thou neither can'st *reform* nor *awe*;
And since the needful *Task* for thee's too great,
Ee'n let the D——l come, and cast his *Net*;
One lucky hawl may do the Town more good,
Than all the pains thou ever hast bestow'd.

5 MR 64

FINIS.